Wonky Forts

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Wonky Forts

by Aomimi

Summary

Minds meld during Savourex, episode 13 where Hannibal is currently shoving Abigail's eae down Will's throat.

Realizations and spicy time ensue.

Notes

This is officially the first omegaverse I wrote for Hannigram. I hope yall like it~

The sound of choking fills the room as Hannibal forces a tube down Will's throat. In his attempt to frame him, Hannibal decides to do it with flair and have Will cough up Abigail's ear. It would've worked too if it wasn't for the fact that now, he was seeing himself holding the tube through Will's hazy eyes. Hannibal's features show confusion transitioning to fury as the tube is roughly yanked from his throat, making him reel forward and cough.

'What is happening?'

The same question permeates Will's mind as he stares at himself, confused. His eyes roll back as he sweats profusely.

What the hell is Dr. Lecter doing to me?

Concentrating, Will pulls the tube out, tossing it to the side. He proceeds to check on himself by pressing the tips of his index and middle finger to his jugular.

Slow beating…I was drugged and supposed to be unconscious for this.

Anger fills Will's heart as he glares at his body. Deciding to wake himself up, Will's palm connected with his cheek, a reverberating *slap* was heard. In seconds, he groans, feeling the sting of his own doing.

"Will?" Hannibal whispered.

Will's eyes flutter open and a sharp pain travels to his temples. He groans, leaning back on his couch.

"What are you doing here, *Dr. Lecter* ?" Will hisses.

The man in question sighs, walking around and kneeling in front of him.

Hannibal laid his hand on Will's forehead and cupped his face, grabbing a thin towel on the coffee table to wipe the sweat away. Hannibal calculated his next move. *He woke up too early into the procedure. He'll surely have questions. However, the more pressing matter is how we ended up mind melding.* Hannibal pondered as he observed Will, waiting to see how he would react. Only the sound of snoring dogs filled the room.

"I don't understand what's happening…but this isn't something normal, I presume?"

Hannibal licked his lips, contemplating. A strong scent of dog, sweat, and *Will* filled his nose. The room smelled like fevered sweetness and chrysanthemums. *He still had his encephalitis, but that latter one was as strong as that* ***night*** . Looking for answers, Hannibal's mind came up with a few conclusions:

Will changed his aftershave—far less likely.

Or Will has stopped using suppressants— speculation more than truth on my part.

Our broken bond has caused our minds to meld.

The latter seemed much more plausible and Hannibal grimaced knowing full well what that entailed: they were suffering the consequences at a dire level.

It was the night they both almost got killed by Tobias Budge. Hannibal will disagree that he sicced Budge on Will, curious to see how the FBI consultant would react. But when Tobias came knocking on his door, Hannibal went feral with rage. His Will was dead and this man dared harm him. Hannibal won, of course, bludgeoning Budge's head with his stag statue.

As Hannibal sat on his chair, he started to wallow in misery. What have I done, he thought as he felt tears cloud his vision. However, the strong scent of chrysanthemums filled his nose. He looked up to see Will Graham walk through his doors. It took everything in him not to stand up and nuzzle the man, basking in his scent.

Will Graham felt the same sentiment as he rushed through the doors and inhaled the strong fragrance of clove perfume. He bit his lip not to utter the word out loud as his eyes landed on his injured alpha.

The pair locked eyes across the room as Will sauntered towards Hannibal. Both were solely focused on each other to the point that neither heard Jack calling their names for questioning; it was right after Budge's attack. Hannibal smiled warmly as he watched Will walk around his desk to reach him. Out of pure instinct, he reached for Will's hand and scented it.

"Hannibal!" Will hissed under his breath, vaguely aware of the pairs of eyes staring at them.

"Yes?" Hannibal peered behind Will's slim fingers, challenging him to pull away. Rising to the challenge, Will got closer, leaning on Hannibal's desk and letting him scent his palm. In one swift move, Hannibal pulled Will to sit on his lap. The older man pulled away from his wrist to bury his nose in the crook of Will's neck. "Omega," Hannibal breathed, feeling his fangs ache, wanting to sink his teeth into flesh. Being the impulsive man he is, Hannibal bit down on soft flesh.

A loud moan escaped Will's lips as he leaned into Hannibal's neck and reciprocated the bite.

Now, they were connected, body, soul, and mind.

Hannibal was the first to detach from biting. He peppered the mark with soft kisses and occasional licks making Will mewl. The sound went straight to his pants, snapping him back to reality. Hannibal cleared his throat turning to glare at the onlookers before turning to Will, a gut-wrenching realization that he let his biology get the best of him. He was the killer they were looking for and now he was devastatingly connected to the one man who could catch him. Staring at the bite though, for now, he'd savor the pheromones emitted by his wonderful omega.

Coming back into himself, Hannibal blinked, staring up at the younger man. "Hannibal, you were gone for a second," Will pointed out, smelling like faint metallicness. The omega was a tad distressed.

“No, no it isn’t. However, I assume it could be because of our…broken bond.”

The mention of their bond made Will wince, avoiding the older man’s eyes. He started to shiver from the cold.

Hannibal caught on and stood, making his plastic suit squeak as he walked towards Will’s bed to grab the blanket. He drifted back and draped it around him, letting his hand linger on Will’s. The older man sat on the arm, pulling the FBI consultant to his side.

They sat like that, neither pulling away before Will deadpanned: “Why did I have a tube down my throat?”

Fate and circumstance brought us to this precise moment. Do I take it as a sign to confess or does he already know who I am?

“Don’t lie to me, *Alpha* .” Will sneered, his voice authoritative.

Any other alpha would see it as a threat. But a jolt of pleasure traveled to Hannibal’s trousers. This side of *his* omega always amazed him. “I was framing you for Abigail’s murder.” Will’s sneer shifted to a crestfallen one and Hannibal, for the life of him, actually felt guilty.

“...Why frame me?” Will croaked, pulling away. He swallowed and licked his lips.

“What would you do with the answer?” Hannibal inquired, cupping Will’s face, the flesh under his thumb turning warm and a tad shade of pink.

“Give me a straight answer, *alpha* .” Despite the broken bond, Will could smell the start of Hannibal’s arousal.

Despite the bite, one chose to ignore *abuse* while the other was too stubborn to accept he was in love. Hence, in a mutual pact, they chose to distance themselves from one another and now they had a broken bond in their hands, waiting to get repaired.

Hannibal merely stared, mapping Will’s face. *You’re beautiful* , the alpha thought as he cradled Will’s face in his hand.

Hannibal studied the omega in front of him: Will looked quite cozy in the warm blanket and if he is being completely honest, *adorable . I want to see his reaction when I answer him,* Hannibal thought as he tucked an index finger under Will’s chin, guiding his face to look at him.

“Because you were getting too close. Tell me, *Will* , how do you see me?” The question is a repetition of the one Will asked months ago while they were eating a protein breakfast in his hotel room.

“The scales have just fallen from my eyes…I see you now. You are and have always been the Chesapeake ripper and copycat. ” Will stated, keeping his gaze. Hannibal’s eyebrow quirked, he smelt arousal coming from his counterpart as well.

“Our bond may be broken. Just three months shy from being completely gone…but I can still smell you, Will. Do you feel aroused at how you see me?”

Will glared, feeling a heat run down his spine making the omega curse his second gender. His alpha was a mighty provider that would provide all his needs. *I am not supposed to be aroused by his power and agency in the world,* Will reprimanded himself as he watched the corner of Hannibal’s lips turn into a smirk.

“Feeling betrayed by your biology, *omega?* ” Hannibal teased, making Will squirm. The latter tried to pull away, but Hannibal’s hand slid to Will’s neck, holding him in place.

Will gulped, feeling his pupils dilate and he revelled at the touch. He’s been starving for physical contact and this alpha knew that. The omega swallowed, needing to lubricate his drying throat.

Arousal filled the air like smoke: thick and tasted of chocolate, indulgent. Would they indulge?

Hannibal grinned at Will’s bodily reaction. *If I pushed further, would he succumb to his biology so we could fix our bond? I want no one but him…I love him,* Hannibal pondered, slightly pressing his fingers on Will’s neck. The omega bit his lip, suppressing a moan.

“Why stop yourself from something you know you want?”

Will glared at the alpha. *He is the devil, tempting me with physical touch* , Will thought as his body betrayed him, a pool of slick gushed from his hole.

Hannibal grinned and leaned in, his lips barely grazed Will’s. Hot breath traveled between them, his omega was breathing the same air as he. “I can provide you with everything and anything you desire.”

Will scowled, wrapping his hands around Hannibal’s wrist and pulling it away from his neck. “You’re a murderer, Dr. Lecter.” The omega sneered against Hannibal’s lips. Both were on edge, only a few rational thoughts left before they give into desire.

“What reason would I have?” An amused glint twinkled in the alpha’s eyes.

“ *Alpha* ,” Will gritted out as he clung to Hannibal from the sheer overwhelming feeling of desire. His legs were shaking from under him about to collapse, readying him to present himself. *Stop it. He killed Abigail, you’re not supposed to reward that type of behavior with sex,* Will scolded himself.

Hannibal relished the effect he had on Will. Teasing him, he pecked the side of Will’s lip; an almost kiss to coax a reaction. The younger man was grasping at straws, with the right angle, their lips would *fully* meet, but Hannibal was playing games on him again. Despite feeling an extreme hatred for the man in front of him, Will can’t stifle the arousing titilation in his loins.

Damn it, just kiss me already. Will growled bitinHannibal’s lower lip, sucking on rumble erupted from Hannibal’s chest as he pulled his omega closer, returning his kiss with matching

fervor. He snaked his arm around Will's torso, easily lifting him as he slid into the leather chair and positioned Will on his lap. The omega whined from the movement, straddling his alpha. Heat emanated from both men, like a roaring fire each ready to devour the other.

Hannibal leaned back for air just enough so the tips of their nose were touching. He smirked at the struggling omega. "Give in, *Will.* You know you want to…you *need* to." Hannibal's sultry tone caused an overpowering wave of lust to engulf Will.

He triggered my heat, the omega got hard and the need for skin-to-skin contact became intense. Will groaned reaching for the growing tent in his lower region to palm it. Hannibal stopped him, gripping his wrist and forcing Will's arm behind his back. A whimper erupted from the omega as another wave of slick gushed down his pants, drenching it thoroughly. Will thrust forward, trying to get any semblance of contact for his aching cock.

"You asshole, you planned this, didn't you?" Will leered as Hannibal wrapped his hand around Will's thigh before pulling down his soiled garment with ease. The omega grunted as his smooth cock sprung from its confines. The unmistakable scent of shame and arousal filled Hannibal's nostrils: minty and sweet. He reached for Will's face and directed his eyes to his; Tourmaline met Carnelian in a heated gaze.

"Framing you, I planned. However, this outcome was unpredictable yet a welcome one." Hannibal replied, grazing his hand on Will's soft ass nearing his wet hole. The alpha swiped a small amount of slick with his middle finger and brought it to his lips, his tongue rolling out and tasting it: fruity and a tad bit heated. The latter bit his lip, stopping himself from moaning at the sinful sight.

"You taste immaculate. However, I will not continue further until you ask me to," Hannibal whispered, ghosting his lips down Will's mating gland, giving it a peck before pulling away. Will glared at Hannibal, refusing to do as he says, however, his pulsating cock and aching hole clouded his judgment.

"I…hate you," A moan escaped Will's lips as he thrust forward despite Hannibal's hold; skin touched fabric easing the pain. Hannibal quirked a brow, pulling Will away from where his length touched the alpha's chest.

"Tsk, tsk, tsk. *William* , I told you. You have to ask for what you need," Hannibal reminded, smirking at Will's indignant look. The latter's eyes betrayed him, dilation and desperation; it made the older man revel in the fact that he was the cause of such a reaction.

"I..need you, Hannibal. *Please* ," A besotted look crossed Hannibal's face before springing to action. He grabbed Will by the nape, smashing their lips together in a rough kiss. With his free hand, Hannibal slid it up Will's thigh to his plump rear, squeezing it. His fingers grazing Will's dripping hole, teasing.

"Dr. Lecter," Will gasped, gripping the older man's shoulder, stopping him. Undeterred, Hannibal rubbed his rectum in soft circles. "Stop," the younger man stuttered as his body betrayed him, pushing back on Hannibal's thumb, asking for more. "I can smell you, stop it." The thick scent of merlot filled the room; Hannibal was proud and incredibly aroused.

“How can I when I am faced with such a divine display of lust?” Hannibal’s thumb penetrated the muscle causing Will to squint his eyes close. *This is happening, oh dear god, I don’t…this is my first time.*

“I understand this is new to you. I promise to be gentle.” Hannibal withdrew his thumb and replaced it with his index finger, gently pushing in.

“Fuck you.” Hannibal smirked at the insult, retracting the finger and pushing back with ease. A moan escaped Will’s lips as he pushed back, trying to squeeze the finger further in.

“I believe I’m about to.”

Will opened his eyes to glare at the man above him. “I’m surprised you have restraint despite the start of your rut.” Will jinxed it as Hannibal growled and retracted his finger before roughly standing up. He pinned him into the chair, Will’s hand still behind his back as he bit his shoulder. The omega coughed and bellowed, feeling winded as he tried squirming away. But, the alpha’s thighs kept him in place.

“Get off me!” Will hissed trying to lift his knee to push the older man back.

Hannibal grinned, placing a firm hand on Will’s inner thigh and pushing his leg down. The defiant look on his omega told Hannibal that he was going to have a hard time getting them to mate and cater to Will’s needs. From the omega’s inner thigh, the alpha trailed his hand higher, reaching Will’s length and giving it a loving squeeze. The man below him gasped as slick soaked the chair. Hannibal pumped him a few times, eliciting the most sultry and loudest sounds; neighbors miles away could probably hear him with how tumultuous his moaning was. “ *Hannibal* , please.” Will rasped, trying to restrain himself, however his body won’t let him as he thrust up to meet Hannibal’s warm hand. Each touch from the older man was searing and edging him closer to release; it was humiliating.

Pre-cum dripped from Hannibal’s cock as he watched Will crumble before him, because of him. “Patience, Will. I want to fully prepare you for what is to come,” Hannibal cooed as he released his hold on Will’s arm and gently pulled him forward, giving him better access to his wet hole.

“Hannibal, wha-” The alpha inserted two fingers, cutting Will off. Hannibal paused to let the muscle get used to it before moving with the same rhythm of his pumping. Will squirmed and gasped from the pleasure. *This isn’t supposed to feel so good. The stimulation is too much, I’m going to—* as if on cue, Will leaned his head back as he convulsed and squirted hot streaks of cum all over Hannibal’s clothes and face. The former peeked through his lashes, seeing the alpha lick his lips to taste Will’s cum and wiped a bit of cum from his clothes and stared at it. Will immediately covered his face with his hands, feeling a mix of distraught and arousal. *How sinful can this man get?*

Despite the broken bond, Hannibal can feel Will’s humiliation outweighing pleasure. Wanting to remedy that, he decided to do a strip tease to ease his omega. The alpha pulled away from his counterpart and shrugged off his coat, folding it and placing it on the dresser. Next, he gradually unbuttoned his soiled dress shirt, keeping Will’s gaze peeking between his fingers. His hairy chest felt the cold, making his nipples perk as he smelt a concentrated scent of

chrysanthemums. Hannibal had a smug look plastered on his face as he started to undo his slacks and again, folding it and placing it on the dresser. “Come,” he offered Will his outstretched hand.

Will stared at the other man’s hand, curious and nervous for what was to come, but he was hard again and his heat didn’t seem to be relenting any time soon. He took the offered hand and Hannibal pulled him up, supporting him by wrapping an arm around his torso and leading him to his bed. The alpha let Will lay on his back as he hovered above him. “What comes next maybe out of my control-”

“You talk too much, *alpha.* ” Will pulled Hannibal down in a searing rough kiss. Will pushed up, trying to get more skin-to-skin contact between his bulge and Hannibal’s. He whined reaching between them and tugging on the last piece of clothing separating them. Will groaned trying to remember why he was averse to this whole interaction. A soft chuckle escaped Hannibal’s lips as he pulled away from Will and discarded his underwear. The latter gulped as he saw the size of his alpha’s cock. It was veiny and beautiful and he wanted it in him *right now* . Sensing this, Hannibal smirked, trailing his hand up Will’s thigh and lifting it over his shoulder for better access. “No, no, no, wait!” Will screeched, leaning back and retracting his thigh from his alpha’s shoulder.

“Will?”

The omega looked pensive, his stare alternating between Hannibal’s length and his eyes. After a moment, Will rose from his lying position, turning to get on all fours before replying: “I refuse to make this intimate.” If he was going to be humiliated, he’d rather not be facing the person causing it. At least he didn’t have to see what Hannibal’s expression was.

Hannibal blinked in disbelief, Will presented himself for him. He growled, lining himself to Will’s waiting hole and pushed in. The omega gasped, gripping the sheets under his hand. The heat surrounding him made Hannibal want more, wanting to go deeper, but he needed to make sure Will was okay, this was afterall, his first time and he wanted it to be memorable and beautiful despite his anger towards him. He leaned down, a few inches from Will’s ear.

“Shall I move, *omega* ?” His alpha’s husky voice made Will’s length twitch in delight as fresh slick coated Hannibal’s cock. The omega’s heat clouded his judgement; all he wanted was Hannibal to knot him and nothing else.

“ *Please,* please *alpha* , knot me,” Will begged, making Hannibal push forward, burying himself to the hilt.

How can I say no to you, Hannibal thought as he pulled out and rammed back in, making Will arch and gasp. The alpha leaned forward, wrapping an arm around Will’s torso to bring them closer with each thrust. The heavy scent of merlot, sweetness, and mint filled the room alongside Will’s sultry and lewd sounds. Hannibal felt an overpowering need to see Will’s facial expression, so he completely pulled out, making his counterpart whine. He grabbed his wrist and flipped Will on the bed, making him gasp.

Will lost all sense of control. Lust overtook him, making him pliant to Hannibal’s will.

The alpha was treated to the most wonderful sight of red tinted cheeks, a few drops of tears on his eyes, and dishiveled hair. A rumble erupted from Hannibal as he leaned down and captured Will's lips in his as he pushed back into his wet hole.

"Hannibal!" Will screamed against his lover's lips as he wrapped his legs around his alpha. Hannibal sunk deeper into him, closing his eyes in the process. When he opened them he could see himself through Will's eyes. He was sweating and lust ridden as he felt himself thrust forward, hitting the sweet spot. The alpha moaned through his omega, loving the feeling of being full.

Will blinked, he could see himself through Hannibal's eyes. *Was this how he saw me?* The omega thought as he saw himself withering through Hannibal's eyes. He looked, as Hannibal stated earlier, *immaculate* . Curious to see how his alpha would react in his body, Will reached for his nipple and pinched it making himself arch and the legs around Hannibal's torso tightened. He smirked knowing his alpha loved it. Will trailed his alpha's hand up towards his own and laced their fingers together as he thrusted in harder rhythm.

" *Will* , I'm close," Hannibal moaned as Will thrusted three more times before ecstasy filled them both. His alpha spilled his seed into his aching hole and he felt the knot inflate as he squirted cum all over his and Hannibal's chests. He closed his eyes once more, savoring the feeling.

A slight shift in the air indicated that they were both back into their own minds.

The omega opened his eyes, heat gone and Hannibal's scent gland looking quite enticing. Without further ado, he reached for his lover's nape and pulled him down as his teeth sank into sweet flesh and blood poured into his mouth. Hannibal rumbled, satisfied with what Will did. He waited for Will to finish licking his bite mark before releasing him enough that they were looking into each other's eyes.

"Mate with me," Will whispered, craning his neck to reveal his gland. Hannibal cupped Will's cheek and smiled before sinking his teeth into the gland and re-establishing the bond. The alpha detached himself from the gland, licking it a few more times too before it stopped bleeding and his knot deflated. Will unwrapped his legs around him as he pulled out and collapsed beside him. They both laid on their side, staring into each other's eyes.

"Whatever happened doesn't change the fact that you were about to do something awful to me." Will deadpanned as Hannibal reached for the bite mark and admired it with his soft tips.

"I apologize for my actions. They were impulsive and I did not consider if you reciprocated my feelings…You may ask me anything you like about the situation if it helps alleviate your anger." Hannibal offered as Will's brows furrowed and he avoided his alpha's eyes.

"Is she…dead?" The resentment was evident in his omega's voice. Hannibal sighed, defeated. *I can't bear to hurt you more than I already have.*

"She isn't dead, no."

A smile permeated Will's features. Hannibal felt himself mirror the expression as he smelled the sweet notes of relief from *his* omega. He relished the fact that he made Will happy with his reply. However, the smile faded from Will's face, a frown replacing it once again before he pulled back and his fist connected with Hannibal's nose; a loud *crack* resounded as bone broke beneath his knuckle. Hannibal lied to Will again and this time it was about Abigail, he wasn't going to let that slide.

Hissing, the alpha leaned back trying to stop the bleeding. Will huffed, satisfied with his reckoning. Blood flowed from Hannibal's nostrils to his chin as the younger man stared at the streak of red, a pang of guilt started to sprout from his chest for hurting his alpha. Hence, the omega cradled Hannibal's face in his hands and lapped on the blood. Hannibal grinned, angling his head to the right and capturing Will's lips in the process. Compared to earlier rough and sensual crashing of mouths, this was soft, tender. They pulled away for air, smiling like fools.

"Where is she?"

The older man grinned, smoothening Will's hair.

"In a safe location…I apologize for disfiguring our daughter. Would you like to speak with her?" Hannibal was about to get up to get his phone, but Will wrapped an arm around his waist, pulling him down and close to him.

"Later. I'm enjoying the warmth." The alpha chuckled, lying back down and wrapping his arms around his omega.

"I'm still incredibly mad at you." Will mumbled, staring at Hannibal intently.

"I understand. You can stay angry at me for as long as you like…but stay with me, Will." His voice sounded meek, vulnerable even and it pulled on Will's heartstrings.

"Where else would I go?" Hannibal smiled, kissing the top of Will's head and nuzzling him. Comfortable silence waded into the room as the sun was just about to peek from the void. "You were going to frame me for Abigail's fake death…What do we do now?" Will enquired as he kissed Hannibal's chin. A malevolent smirk crossed Hannibal's features

"I know just the person to replace you."

A man dressed in a brown suit sneezed in his BHSCI office as he watched recordings of his patient's conversations in their cells.

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